THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

THESE are times of great moral danger. Outward restraints are removed to an unprecedented degree; and consequently there is a need of inward restraint, of the controlling power of a pure religion, beyond what was ever known before. The principles of the young are exposed to fearful assaults, and they need to be fortified with peculiar care. Temptations throng on the rising generation with new violence, and the power to withstand them must be proportionably increased. Society never needed such zealous efforts, such unslumbering watchfulness for its safety, as at this moment; and, without faithfulness on the part of parents and good men, its bright prospects may be turned into gloom.

William Ellery Channing.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

UP in the higher Alps the snow is sometimes piled so high, and so evenly balanced, that a crack of a whip, or the shout of a voice, may give sufficient vibration to the air to bring down the whole mass upon the travellers below. So in our moral world there are souls just hovering over the abyss of ruin: a word or even a look from us may cause them to plunge down into the depths from which there is no return; or a helping hand stretched out to them in the moment of peril may lead them back to the safe, sure paths of virtue and peace.

Knowing that we have such power, shall we not humbly pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"?

M. J. H., in London S. S. Times.

"GOD on our side, and there is no room for despondency."

For The Dayspring.

EVENING HYMN.

Now over wood and lawn
Evening hath softly drawn
Her holy veil,
Stars, that through upper skies,
Dawning when daylight dies,
Beam like immortal eyes,
Your light I hail!

Father of majesty
Filling immensity,
Fountain of light!
So near and yet so far
Thy signs and wonders are!
Ocean-drop, twinkling star,
Both praise Thy might!

Yet, though so vast Thou art,
Still to each lowliest heart
Thy grace is nigh;
Thine eye beholds each tear,
Thy watchful, pitying ear
Each moan of want doth hear,
Each lonely sigh!

Father of mercies, we
Trustfully rest in Thee,
Guardian of night!
O when life's day grows pale,
Softly our eyelids veil,
Till our glad vision hail
Heaven's morning light!

C. T. B.

TAKE thou my heart's unwritten page,
And write thou on it what is wanted there;
And hold before it in life's daily stage,
The line of action which it craves in prayer.
So that, amid the errors of my youth,
My own shortcomings may not hide the truth.

Michel Angelo.

THERE is no corner so small, but that needs the rays of Divine light to shine in it; and none so narrow, but we can creep in and hold the Lamp of Life there. The chief thing is to want to work.

GIRL AND DOGGIE.

No wonder Clarice looks sorrowful, and hugs her little doggie so closely, yet so gently. In some mysterious way, he hurt one of his legs; and he has not been himself for the past month. Now little dogs often run on three legs as a matter of choice; but they like four to walk on, and be sure of. Clarice has had her hands full to wait on him. She has put hay under the piazza, in the recesses of the arbor-vitæ tree, carpets in chairs from which he could not jump, and where of course he would not go. Made for him a little rice pudding, which he gobbled up in two meals; stroked him whenever he did not snap with pain; and only laughed when, contrary to rule, he managed to hobble from stair to stair, and plant himself on her trundle-bed.

His leg, which seemed to have shrunk, is getting its length again, and once or twice he has allowed it to touch the floor. Clarice's brother Ben says Charley is playing "Old Soldier," and could walk as well as ever if he chose. Clarice thinks it cruel of Ben to say so, and has laid her soft cheek on Charley's head to make up to him for such undeserved abuse.

I think Charley will never forget Clarice's kindness, and when he gets strong again will sit up and beg and jump over ropes, and learn any other pretty tricks she is able to teach him. You may be sure she will teach him without giving him pain.

LITTLE BO-PEEP AND HER SHADOW.

As I walked out, one bright, sunny day,
I saw a pretty little girl at play, —
Playing with her shadow;
They danced and skipped together,
And flitted here and there,
In the golden weather.
Little feet tripped o'er the smooth, white street,
Followed by their shadow;
Golden curls kissed a sunny cheek,
And so they kissed a shadow.
Little Bo-peep was here,
Little Bo-peep was there,
Little Bo-peep was everywhere,
And so was her shadow.

Selected.

SECRETS.

THE moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest.

In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother: do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush.

You may not know, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making mistakes; but you will never do any thing very wrong if, from the first, you have no secrets from your mother.

Selected.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE FIRST-BORN.

"PUNCH" for July has outdone himself in this illustration.

The First-born sits transfixed, Cupid in the chair, king of the scene. Seven adults do their best to insure success. Nurse sits comfortably, dangling a Jumping-Jack. All the rest stand. Grandmamma bends deprecatingly with a rattle; pretty mamma (most anxious of all) claps her hands; papa waves a flag and blows a trumpet; grandpapa, with bristling hair and open mouth, unfurls an umbrella; the head operator throws up his arms and throws out his legs (as if heaven and earth were at issue); while the assistant operator consults the mammoth instrument to see if all be right.

No wonder the First-born is quiet; but will he be left, as well as taken?

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER;

OR,

MONA'S TEMPTATION.

"GOOD-BY! good-by, dear mamma! Come back soon!"

"Good-by, my darlings. Be good children; and, Mona dear, don't forget all I've told you;" and with tears and kisses the children parted with their mother, and watched the carryall as it rolled away to the station.

It was the day their father had appointed for his return after a month's absence, and they had been looking forward to it with bright anticipations; but that very morning a despatch had been received, summoning Mrs. Desser to a distant city where her husband had been taken suddenly ill.

There was no time to make preparations; and after a few hurried words to the elder children, and commending them all to Heavenly protection, she started on her sad journey.

The house stood on the slope of a hill, about three miles from the village, from which it was separated by a narrow river and many acres of pleasant woodland. A rustic bridge spanned the river, and added a very picturesque feature to the scene. It would have been a lonely situation for children, so remote from neighbors, had there not been a goodly number of brothers and sisters in the home; and fortunately at this time a favorite cousin was visiting them.

Beside these there was good Bridget, who worked hard, and served faithfully the family with whom she had lately come to live.

The mother's absence made so great a change in the household that no one knew exactly what to do.

It still being vacation, the boys decided to spend the morning in the woods; while Mona and Cousin Bessie, two pretty girls of thirteen, helped Bridget with a few simple tasks, and took care of the little ones.

At noon they all met again at dinner; and, while thus engaged, they heard the rattle of approaching wheels, and the sound of many voices. All rushed from the table at this unusual sound, and found at the door an old hay-cart, with benches on each side filled with merry boys and girls, who called to Mona and Bessie:—

"Jump in, girls! we're going to Cone Hill for a pic-nic, and have come a mile out of our way to get you."

"Oh! I'm so sorry," said Mona, "but I can't go. Mother has been called away, and she asked me not to leave the children until she came back. Bessie must go without me."

"I don't want to go unless you do," said Bessie, with a forlorn face. "But why can't Bridget take care of the little ones, just for a few hours?"

"Yes," urged the pic-nic party, "of course she could: your mother didn't mean you mustn't go away for an afternoon. Now don't be obstinate, Mona."

"You'll be sorry if you don't go," added another. "Look at this hamper all packed with our supper; and we shall have great fun coming back by moonlight."

It was a great temptation to poor Mona, that glorious September day; but she remembered her mother's anxious face as she gave the children to her especial care, and she answered bravely, "I promised mamma, and I cannot break my word and disobey her."

After the wagon had driven off, she had another trial to endure in Bessie's disappointment, and her brothers' assurance that she was very silly to lose such a pleasure,

as they believed their mother would have allowed her to go.

In the middle of the afternoon, a boy came from the village in great haste, to tell Bridget that her sister had met with a bad accident, and she must go and take care of her. Here was a sad scrape; for how could she leave this little family alone? She concluded to start at once, and, if possible, find some nurse to take her place.

The day was very warm, and towards night the air was so still and oppressive that even the youngest child was affected by it. Mona did not like the look of things, and wished them all to come into the house. Suddenly, without warning, a terrible gale sprung up, bending the trees nearly to the ground, slamming doors and blinds, and overturning every thing in its path. The boys rushed home, exclaiming they believed the world was coming to an end. In a moment, the storm burst in all its fury. Great trees were torn up by the roots, huge branches were blown against the windows, crashing the glass. The noise was fearful, and the children screamed in terror. Bessie, who was nervous, clung in speechless terror to Mona, who tried to keep calm; for she felt that their safety in this dreadful hour depended much on her courage and presence of mind.

She first sent Asaph and Willie, the two elder boys, to find nails, and bring boards to fasten over the broken windows, and protect them from the drenching rain. Just as they were finishing their work, they heard, amid the roar of the gale, a crash at the back of the house. The little wash-house was nearly overturned, and Mona remembered that the stove was full of hot coals! She grew pale as she thought of their danger in case the house should be in flames, and the little ones be turned out in the raging storm. But, fortunately, the stove was not upset, and in an hour the wind abated, and they gazed with wonder from the windows on the wreck the storm had left behind.

The pretty rustic bridge was gone, and the ground was strewn with fallen trees. They trembled at the thought of the picnic party, and Bessie exclaimed, "O Mona! just think how dreadful it would have been if you had yielded, and we had been caught in the woods, and these poor little children had been left alone!"

They now saw that it would be impossible for Bridget to return that night, and they secured every door and window, and began to make preparations for supper. To comfort the younger children, Asaph proposed to make some molasses candy, a plan which suited all parties. Mona and Bessie studied the cook-book, and learned how to prepare the beans for baking on the morrow. Then they spread the table with bread and milk and cookies, and all sat down to talk over the events of the day. Bessie was much troubled at the idea of passing the night in a house without any grown person, and they all agreed to bring their pillows and blankets and share the same room. Baby Nell and little Archie enjoyed the fun, while the twins were quite contented on the hearth-rug which served as their bed.

In the middle of the night, Bessie waked suddenly. She touched Mona and whispered, "Mona, did you hear that?"

"What is it?" whispered Mona.

"I think I heard some one on the front door-steps, and I'm *so* frightened."

"Hush!" said Mona, "don't wake the children. I'll rouse Asaph and Will, and we'll get a light."

It was no easy matter to rouse the boys, they slept so soundly; but after a good shaking they were made to understand that

the girls were alarmed by the sound of strange footsteps outside the house.

"Perhaps it's crazy Jimmy," suggested Asaph, as he sat up, rubbing his eyes.

At this Bessie began to cry in earnest.

"Don't, Asaph," said Mona. "Perhaps it is only Bridget: she may have crossed the bridge at Upper Falls." Encouraged by this hope, the children took the lantern and crept into the entry to listen. At this moment, some one fell up the steps into the porch; and then all was still. Mona felt frightened when there was no knock on the door, for she knew Bridget would have hastened to relieve their anxiety. Hurrying back to the sitting-room, where the younger children were still asleep, they fastened the door, and sat waiting for the day to dawn. With the first gray light, the boys determined to steal out, and go quietly round to look in the porch. In the mean time, the girls awaited their return with fear and trembling, holding the door open for them to rush back in case of danger.

A shout of laughter soon put an end to their suspense, and they ran out to enjoy the fun. Lying asleep in the porch was their terrible visitor, a poor white goat, who had wandered from home, and, getting lost in the storm, had sought shelter in this quiet nook.

Not long after Bridget returned, looking pale and worried lest any thing had happened to the young people. She had heard sad accounts of the pic-nic party, who were overtaken by the storm while on Cone Hill, and had found great difficulty in reaching the wagon which had been left at the foot. The horses, being frightened by the falling of trees, had become unmanageable, and upset the vehicle; but fortunately it was near a farm-house, where the children found shelter. Though much alarmed and somewhat bruised, none were seriously injured.

The gale of the 8th of September was long remembered at "Hillside;" and often, when it was mentioned, Mrs. Desser would press Mona close to her heart, and whisper, "My trusty little housekeeper!"

HELEN COUDARE.

CLOUD PENCILLINGS AMONG THE HILLS.

IT is delightful to lie resting one's head "on the lap of Earth," and through leaf-embroidered curtains look out upon the sea of air. White clouds sail slowly by. One has just passed, — a nondescript raft of huddling vapors. Now there comes a noble craft with satin sails, a Cleopatra's barge, lacking only its wealth of color. The next is fashioned like a swan, — and so the cloud fleet move slowly by, fairer than any white-winged yachts that race on the sea.

The summer made a glorious departure among the hills. During its last day, the surrounding heights were clothed in gauzy garments of softest mist, and the hazy air lay like a robe of silk on the valley. Then, as the sunset hour came on, the great orb seemed to have been hung out in the west like a globe of fire, suspended by unseen chains, and slowly dropped into the abyss below. The long after-glow of rosy light on the fringes of the fleecy clouds closed the scene. It was the dying of the summer, lovely and radiant with hope to the last!

S.

TO INDIVIDUAL faithfulness, and to the energy of the private conscience, God has committed the real history and progress of mankind. James Martineau.

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Afraid of Insects.

NOW, cousin, please tell me about the little girl who was afraid of insects."

"She began by being afraid of May-bugs. I remember how she startled me one night by screaming, and slamming the house-door, because one of these harmless creatures caught in her hair."

"I'm not afraid of beetles or May-bugs."

"She was afraid of grasshoppers, because they jumped; and of millers, because they rattled their wings on the window-panes; and of caterpillars, because they were hairy and crawled."

"Did she mind spiders?"

"Not so much as the others. If she had been my child, I should have confined her to her bedroom at once, put nets in her windows to keep out her tiny foes, and let her take her meals by herself. But she was allowed to form the habit of fear, and she has never been able to break herself of it, much as she longs to; and so she dreads every summer, and cannot enjoy the soft air, sweet flowers, or singing birds."

"I should not care to be like her."

"Then you must break yourself of your dread of spiders. And there's no way so good as setting about pleasing somebody. There's that little cripple in Meadow Lane. What a dull life hers is, and noisy too, so near the village! She has no garden to sit in, no garden book to read. But I have an idea that she does not fret as much about the heat as we do."

"Don't you believe she'd like my outgrown gingham? there's stuff for a new pair of sleeves."

"Very much, I imagine. We'll set about it as soon as we go into the house."

"Don't you think, cousin, it is queer that Tab was born with a gown for life?"

"Not exactly. She sheds her hair, as we do our skin. Our skin — indeed, I believe our whole body — is renewed every seven years. Ah, child, fearfully and wonderfully made, how can we disturb ourselves over a spider or a fly? Think, too, how our heavenly Father cares for all his creatures, — none are too small to escape his notice. And, besides giving them meat in due season, and clothing them for summer and for winter, he has put into them a spirit of patience."

"Perhaps, if they could talk, they'd scold."

"Perhaps so; for nothing makes a worry grow like talking about it."

"I never thought before how patient creatures were. The lame hen never cuffs her greedy chickens, but picks up the corn they run too fast to see. Just look, Tab has swallowed a grasshopper! If you eat so fast, miss, they'll jump in your throat, and the crickets chirp there. See how the birds flutter about! No, Tab, you must not try to catch the little ones, for it would break their mothers' hearts. Dear me! *we eat creatures, too,* — mutton and beef and chickens. Cousin Anita, I wish we had been made to eat only berries and bread and cake and apples."

"That is one of the mysteries I can't explain. But, if no creatures were destroyed but by death, they would cover the earth like the plagues of Egypt. But it is our solemn duty to save all creatures from unnecessary pain."

"Cousin, how pretty our little bridge is! Why do I care more to look at the hills?"

"Because the hills are grander, and farther off."

"I hope grandpa will let me climb the hills this summer when the girls go up."

"How if you meet a rattlesnake?"

"I'd run away quick enough."

"But, with your fear of spiders, you may not have presence of mind in real danger."

"How lazy you are!" cried Mount, running down the path.

"Not true, or civil. We are resting our bodies, but using our minds. Lucy and I have been reading the garden book."

"I've been turning hay in the front field. It makes before you can turn it. I'm tired enough to hear you talk."

"There are two T's you and Lucy should remember."

"Two toads totally tired?"

"Lucy's T is try; your T is think. You should *think* to be civil; Lucy, *try* to be patient."

"And not afraid of spiders!" said Lucy, laughing.

"Why are girls such scarecrows?"

"You were just as frightened the night of the robbers."

"Because I had no boy to help me."

"I wish," said Miss Anita, "boys feared to hurt one's feelings: houses would be pleasanter if they did. My brother James worries us from morning till night."

"Is he worse than I am?"

"Much."

"I shall tell grandpa that next time he scolds."

"Does he blow a trumpet?" asked Lucy, "or go with a Bat Kelly?"

"No; but he does worse than that."

"Does your mother love him?"

"Yes: a boy can hardly be too bad for his mother to love him. It is about settled that James is to go away. Then I think his mother's patient face will rebuke him, as it did me, you know, Lucy; and he'll be sorry, at last, that he did not listen to her voice that gets so tired talking to him in vain."

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

How charming to come across just such a scene in the woods! — but, as Master Mouse would be off with his acorn before we could say Jack Robinson, we can study it more at our leisure in the picture. The huge tree-trunk we see is an oak by its jagged-edged leaves and fallen acorns. We are not sure but that of all woodland treasures acorns are our favorites, prettier even than ferns, mosses, or pine-cones. Pretty, out of the woods, as well as in, as the cup of an emery cushion, engraved on silver, carved in wood. Acorns are useful to the Indian as food, when pounded in a mortar fine as meal, and filtered till the bitter is washed away.

The wood-mouse takes the bitter with the sweet, holding his precious morsel by tooth and claw. Acorns must be nourishing, he is so sleek and plump. What round eyes he has, large, open ears, and long whiskers! But even if he were not so full of that delightful acorn, he has not mind enough to admire his pretty dining-room, or gratitude to the mammoth mushroom for being his sun-umbrella. The mushroom protects his back as well as his head; for, like other animals, he has taken care that no foe attack him in the rear. He enjoys, without thinking of, his soft moss carpet. He is not embarrassed by the woodland eyes watching him eat, — azaleas, anemones, moss flowers, wild strawberries, toadstools, — which, like courtiers, cluster about him, bending low, or, like troops, stand at a respectful distance, waiting for the captain to come forth from his tent to review them in order.

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

We wonder if your sharp eyes can count more in his court and camp than one mushroom, two strawberries, five acorns, thirty-two moss blossoms, thirty-six flower-buds, forty-one toadstools, and all the miniature blooms it would take fairy spectacles to discover, and a fairy microscope to study?

Besides the delicate beauty of the scene, it teaches this lesson: the little mouse alone in the wood is provided with food, and every smallest flower-bud is perfect, though the eye of man may never see it. Little children, when alone, remember your heavenly Father is near to protect and provide; and, whatever you do, do as in his sight.

A LIFE-MISSION.

PERCHANCE, when the summer sun has crisped the pasture and scorched the hillside, you have marked, in the valley at your feet, green grass and springing blossoms. When you went to trace the cause, parting the thick verdure with your hand, you found a little rill flowing on its noiseless way. Silent and unnoticed, it passed along, giving no evidence of its existence, save in the forms of beauty which its cool waters nourished. That rill resembles such a life-mission as we have described. The labor is performed so quietly, so unobtrusively, that it is seen only in the results. Youthful reader, will you be such a missionary? Think of it a moment, and let the idea become familiar. One passage from the Word of God we will transcribe at parting. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." "May Horton."

For the Dayspring.

BOBBY'S ADVENTURE.

"GOOD-BY, Bobby dear. Be a very good boy, and play inside the yard till I come home."

"Can't I go just down to the beach, and play in the sand?"

"No, darling, play here until evening, and then I will go with you to the shore." And Mrs. Ashley walked down the street, and was soon out of sight.

Master Bobby, left to amuse himself, sat down under the elm, whose broad, green branches made an inviting shade, and began to wonder what he could do to pass away the time. A short distance below the lawn, he saw the blue waves sparkling and dancing in the sunlight, and then breaking in foam on the beach. The tide was coming in, but had not reached Ben's Buoy, a large jagged rock, a little above low-water mark.

As Bobby sat looking at the scene, it suddenly occurred to him how pleasant it would be to plant the beautiful flag his father had lately given him on Ben's Buoy, as a signal of distress, playing he was a shipwrecked sailor. His mother's words were forgotten, and down the smooth lawn he went as fast as his small feet could carry him. As he passed out the gate, he thought

he heard some one whisper in his ear, "You are disobeying mamma, Bobby." For a minute he stopped, but the next decided he would go this once, for no one would see he was doing wrong. But again he heard the voice say, "God sees you, Bobby." Then he turned half round, thinking he would go back; but the water and sand looked so tempting that he pushed the good thoughts away, and ran to the shore.

It was hard work climbing the slippery side of the pointed rock, the small hands were well scratched, and the pretty clean clothes much torn, before the adventurer reached the summit; but, at last, to his delight, his flag was flying from the highest point of Ben's Buoy. Then he sat calmly down to look around; when he saw, to his dismay, that the tide had risen so much that the rock was surrounded by water.

Poor little Bob cried for help, but no one came, and, at last, hungry, lonely, and fearing to be drowned, his heart sank, till he suddenly remembered that his mother had told him to ask God to help when in trouble. So he knelt down on the rock, under his flag, and began "Our Father," when the thought how he said it with his mother made him burst into tears, and only saying, "O God, take care of little Bobby, and don't let him die," he lay down on the rock, and cried himself to sleep.

In the mean time, Mrs. Ashley returned, and went in search of him. A neighbor told her he had seen a child running to the beach, with a flag in his hand, and Mrs. Ashley, sure it was Bobby, hastened to the shore, and there saw a flag flying from the top of Ben's Buoy, and something lying under it, which she was confident was her darling boy.

The water half-covered the rock, and the waves dashed wildly around it. For a moment the mother stood motionless with horror. Then, knowing no time was to be lost, she rushed to the nearest house, calling for aid. A boat soon out, strong arms pulled towards the sleeping child. It was with great difficulty that Bobby was at last taken in the boat and placed in his mother's arms. Mrs. Ashley's joy is easier to imagine than to describe. She folded her darling in her arms, and thanked God for his mercy in preserving him.

Safe at home, Bobby told his mother of the voice he heard as he left the yard. She explained to him it was an inward voice, the voice of conscience, which he must always obey; for his Heavenly Father had placed it within him that he might

know the right, and be true to it his life long.

Penitent Bobby promised never, never to disobey again. I am sure he will try to keep his word.

FIDES.

PUDDLES.

I HAVE got a new name to-day, mamma. The boys have taken to calling me the "Philosopher of the Puddles!" It does not sound very grand, but I don't mind it. It's a nickname which seems likely to cling to me, though, for even Father Neptune addressed me as Master Philosopher this evening, instead of "little master." You will want to know how I gained this distinction. Well, the fact is, I am *very* fond of puddles. I like to sit on a big stone by a pool of salt water, and watch all the little creatures swimming about in it. It amuses me to see the hermit-crabs shuffling backwards and forwards, and carrying their stolen houses with them. They seize the shells of whelks, periwinkles, and other sea creatures, turn out the owners if they do not eat them, and settle themselves comfortably in their new houses until they grow too small for them, when they move to bigger ones. Don't you wish we could turn out of one house and go into another as easily as they do? Now and then I see a lobster, or a crayfish, which are very much alike; but I am rather afraid to meddle with them, for Peter nearly had his first finger nipped off one day when he tried to catch a big lobster without using a net. When there are no very big fellows roving about in my pool, I delight in stirring it up suddenly with a stick or my foot, and then it is fun to watch the commotion; away shuffle the crabs, off jump the shrimps, while the little fishes hide beneath the sea-weed.

"Robert's Holidays."

"PRAY," said Ignatius Loyola to his disciples, "as though every thing depended upon God; act as though every thing depended upon yourselves."

"God never sees us go out of our way to do something for others but he puts in the new path that which will be even pleasanter than what we gave up. It never fails."

Is it of no use to a soul that has been pinched and starved, to be suddenly reminded how good and gracious God is, and how he is always surprising us with blessings?

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

FATHER, help thy little child:
Make me truthful, good, and mild;
Kind, obedient, modest, meek,
Mindful of the words I speak.
What is right may I pursue;
What is wrong refuse to do;
What is evil seek to shun:
This I ask through Christ thy Son.

From "Our Cousins in Ohio," by Mary Howitt.

FROM THE DIARY OF AN AMERICAN MOTHER.

OCT. 25. This was a day of hard work.

"Now, mother dear," said Willie, early in the day, "what are we to do? There are our great heaps of butter-nuts and hickory-nuts, and all the buckeyes for Nelly to play with, lying in the wood, and father said at breakfast that we must do all our lessons and all our work before we go to fetch them. We shall never fetch them to-day, then, and to-morrow is Sunday!" And large tears were in Willie's eyes.

"Father has said so," returned the mother, "and therefore you must obey."

Willie sighed, and enumerated all the long list of work that had to be done. The mother encouraged him, and told him that, if they worked industriously, there would, without fail, be three hours in the afternoon for the wood.

Willie took heart, and he and his sisters sat down to their lessons. When these were done, he went to husk corn, while the two little girls sat down to a task of sewing; but Nanny was very slow, and did not contrive to help Willie, which was a great disappointment to him. He next brushed his Sunday clothes, and blacked his best shoes. Florence attended to little Nelly, and walked out with her in the sunshine; while Nanny and Willie picked off the yet green tomatoes from the frosted and withered plants, for the pigs. This was a very unpleasant job, but nevertheless they gathered four large baskets full. In the midst of this, poor Florence remembered that the shoes in which she would have to walk that afternoon were not come back from the shoemaker's at Athens. Here was a misfortune! There was nobody to send for them. Willie could not leave his work to go; Nanny, therefore, took charge of little Nelly, while she continued to help Willie; and Florence went herself after her shoes.

Poor children! They really had a morning of hard work. But it was all over by dinner-time; and Florence was back from Athens. After dinner, they looked as bright and happy as if their whole life were made up of holidays, and away they went for their woodland treasures.

All were safe. The butter-nuts were quite dry and excellent; the hickory-nuts just bursting their outer coats; the buckeyes, by hundreds, with their bright brown eyes, polished and solid, as if made of hard wood and varnished; and thus, with bags full and baskets full, they returned home for tea, wearied but happy. Willie sat down by the fire to rest, and fell fast asleep before supper, without the power of listening, as he usually did, to the pleasant book which his father was reading. Florence also fell asleep, nor took any notice of her doll, although the evening before she had made what she called a "new cravat" for it, and which she had no time to look at in the morning; and Nanny, who sat on her father's knee, although she protested that she was wide-awake, and heard all he was reading, was yet supposed by everybody else to be having a comfortable doze.

"I WILL NOT FAIL THEE."

THIS is what the Lord said to Joshua, who took the place of Moses as the leader of the Israelites. The servant of God felt his inability to do the work to which he had been called, and therefore God encouraged him by this precious promise. It is a promise which belongs to every one who is try-

ing, by God's help, to do right; and we are never to forget that it is only by His help that we can do right.

No doubt there are some among our young readers who often feel their need of some great help. All ought to feel this, but some feel it more than others. Even the young are severely tried. They have temptations and sorrows, and, alas for them! bereavements. Many a young heart is bowed with a weight of woe which would be heavy even for an old person. But these gracious words ought surely to bring comfort to every troubled mind.

We have read an interesting incident in the life of Stilling, which is a good illustration of this text. Stilling was a celebrated German writer who died over fifty years ago. In early life he was very poor. He wished to study medicine, but knew not where to go, nor had he money to take him anywhere. But, young as he was, he had a firm faith in God. He reasoned thus: "God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously. He alone has ordered my present circumstances, and every thing regarding me he will bring about in his own way."

His friends were as poor as himself, and wondered how he would get the money he needed for his education. After raising all he could for his long journey to Strasburg, where he was to spend the winter, he started on his way, but when he reached Frankfort, which was three days' ride from Strasburg, he had only one dollar left. He said nothing, but he prayed much. While walking the streets he met a merchant belonging to his native place, who said: —

"Stilling, what brought you here?"

"I am going to Strasburg to study medicine."

"Where do you get your money to study with?"

"I have a rich Father in heaven."

"How much money have you on hand?"

"One dollar," said Stilling.

"So!" said the merchant; "well, I'm one of your Father's stewards," and he handed him thirty-three dollars.

He had not been long in Strasburg when his thirty-four dollars were reduced to one. One morning his room-mate said to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you;" and gave him thirty dollars in gold.

In a few months after this he had no money to pay his college dues. The lecturer's fee must be paid by six o'clock on Thursday evening, or he would be obliged to leave college. Five o'clock came, and still he had no money. Then, while he was in great grief, and praying to God for help, a gentleman came in and gave him forty dollars in gold.

Thus it is that God never fails those who trust in Him. Some of the boys and girls who read this article may be poor, and trying to get an education. Do not be discouraged. Do all you can, and do the best you can, and God will help you. He may not send people with gold or bank-notes just at the very time you need them, but He will find some way to keep His promise, "I will not fail thee."

A simple, loving trust in God, all the way through life, will give you great happiness even in the midst of many cares.

Early Days.

THE STRAY LAMB.

BY JULIA A. MATHEWS.

"ONE of my little lambs has gone astray,"
The Shepherd said, "one of my precious lambs.
Through all the toils and dangers of the day
'Twill stumble on alone, without a hand
To guide it safely to my happy land;
So I will go and seek it far and near,
And bring it home, for 'tis to me most dear,
My little lamb!"

With tireless feet, that never paused nor failed,
The Shepherd sought that wilful, precious lamb.
The rugged mountain patiently he scaled,
But found it not; then through the valleys deep,
Crossing dark streams, o'er rocks so rough and steep,
Footsore and weary, still he travelled on,
To find it ere the daylight should be gone,
His little lamb!

The day wore on: the foolish, wayward thing
Had wandered far; the thoughtless, precious lamb
Had gayly leaped o'er stream and rock and spring
Unheeding that, without its Shepherd's care,
It must be lost and caught in many a snare.
At last, when evening fell, weary and sore,
It laid it down, for it could walk no more,
Poor little lamb!

It stretched its tired limbs, shivering and cold,
And cried aloud, that helpless, precious lamb,
And wished it were within its own safe fold,
Longing for its dear Shepherd's tender voice,
Wondering sadly that its foolish choice
Had been to wander from its happy home,
In those unknown, forbidden paths to roam, —
Lost little lamb!

And that kind Shepherd, listening for each sound,
Heard the sad wail of his own precious lamb,
And, hasting to it, raised it from the ground,
Folding it close in his own loving arm,
Whispering forgiveness, shielding it from harm,
And bore it safely to its far-off home,
Never again from his dear side to roam, —
Glad little lamb!

Scattered Seeds.

TRUE GROWTH.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night, —
It was the plant and flower of Light!
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

B. Jonson.

COSEY CORNER.

WHAT shall we do now? How often you ask your mother that question, especially in vacation, when you find, as I used to, time hang heavy on your hands. Now I want you to ask yourselves seriously, "What shall we do now?"

The summer is over. Some of you have passed a fine holiday at the seashore or beside the mountains: all of you have enjoyed an out-door life, breathing pure air, and having your eyes and ears filled with the varying sights and ceaseless sounds of the warm season.

What shall we do now with the strength gained from rest and change? First of all, determine to have a happy winter by making it useful. There is every reason it should be more industrious and joyful than any former one. You may have planned amusements and occupations for the "*must have*" list. But are these innocent amusements and wise occupations? You are old enough to know the value of your passing youth, when memory is so strong and active. This is the easiest time to learn; and, when the aged forget every thing else, they often remember what they learned in their youth. Now is the time to learn what will be a perpetual blessing. This is the reason your parents urge you to study. They know that, if you do not give your attention, the best of teachers labor in vain.

And not only in the day school, but in the Sunday school, put your heart. I fear few of our Sunday scholars are awake to the importance of that precious Sunday hour. I fear that many go to the school merely because they are told to go, listen or not listen to what their teachers say, not even reading over their lessons, willing to be amused by seeing the other scholars,

or by hearing stories told by pastor, superintendent, or visitor. It is your duty to work, yourselves, for all the good that can be got out of the Sunday school. You wish to be good men and women like those you love and respect. But you cannot be by merely listening to good advice. You must put it in practice. In the New Testament, you learn of a life better than the best you see ; a life in which self was forgotten in seeking for the good of others.

Little children, make up your minds to be not merely pretty good, but wholly good. And, to do this, lay up in the cells of your memory all the honey you can gather from the sweet, sacred lessons of the Sunday school. Then you will well answer the question, "What shall we do now?"

THE BOSTON PARADOX.

I AM unique, yet dual. A common noun, but a very uncommon thing. Singular, yet plural. Masculine, yet neuter. A biped and a quadruped. I am both animal and mineral; artificial, yet natural; full of art, yet guileless as a child. Always on foot, yet never a pedestrian. Powerless as an infant, no living man has power to move me. Always armed, I cannot defend myself. I died nearly a century before I was created, yet I shall outlive my creator. Meant for futurity, I shall not reach heaven, nor care I. Cold, hollow-hearted, unscrupulous, yet no one fears me, although my power to crush is no secret. I am indifferent to, though surrounded by, railing and commendation. Those who flatter gain nothing from me, those who find fault cannot hurt my feelings. I was not born of woman, and shall not die like man. The lightning may shiver me, an earthquake engulf me, but no man living will be likely to witness my exodus. Dear as I am to thousands, were I to perish, no bells would be tolled, no funeral rites paid. I passed through the fiery furnace unscathed as Shadrach and his brethren, and all the rigor of a northern winter cannot chill me. I am a counterfeit, yet esteemed good and true. I have no faith, yet those who know me best speak of my merit, indeed call me perfect. Though not the equal of the meanest man, yet I am connected with the Ton in three direct ways. I bear an honored name, have wronged no man, yet no one cares to speak to me. Of the thousands who are proud to know me, not one addresses me ; and, if one did, I should not return the salutation. With all the reverence paid me, not a beggar lifts his cap. Bearing the purest name in the country, I have been dragged through the streets before the tribunal of the people. With no counsel to defend me, no trial by jury, no condemnation, some of the best judges ordered my execution. Executed, no ignominy clings to me, and my executors were my earliest and best friends. Emphatically American, America my birthplace, yet I did not draw my first breath on her shores. I am not used by those who paid a heavy price for me. Probably I could not be bought from my possessors, yet my warmest admirers would not care to own me, or take the trouble to carry me home, if I were given to them. I have more legs than a horse, and more ears than a man. People say I am full of life and motion, but, alas, they do not know me. The world may go on, "man may come and man may go," but I am stationary and unmoved. I go neither backward nor forward till the end cometh.

Now say what am I?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

C hin A
H ee L
A l F
R ive R
L an E
E n D
S haf T
D im E
I n N
C a N
K entuck Y
E ye S
N er O
S u N

Charles Dickens. Alfred Tennyson.

SQUARE WORD.

N O U N
O G R E
U R A L
N E L L